



Going to School.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I see the little children creeping, creeping,
Up the long hill-side to the village school
With slow reluctant feet, and almost weep-
ing

To end glad summer with the sterner rule
Of tasks and hours, and waste October
weather
Pent up in irksome study altogether.

I see the little children running, running,
When school is over, to resume their fun,
And in the late sweet warmth of daylight
sunning

Their little discontents away, each one.
"How nice to be grown up," so they are
saying
"And not to study, but be always
playing."

Oh! foolish children; if you knew it
Grown folks must study as children do:
Must be punctual to school or else they
rue it

And learn a harder lesson yet than you.
Early they set to work and toil all day.
The school lets out too late for any play.

Their school room is the World; Life the
master

A stern harsh master he and hard to
please,

Some of the brighter children study faster
Than can the others who are dull, and these
When they have recited, if they can stand
the test.

The master suffers to go home and rest.

But all must learn a lesson sooner or later,
And all must answer at the great review,
Until at length the last discouraged
waiter

Has done his task and read the lesson
through

And with his swollen eyes and weary
head

At last is told he may hie home to bed.

So, little children, when you feel like
crying
That you are forced to learn to read and
write

Think of the many harder lessons lying
In the dim future which you deem so
bright.

Grown folks must study e'en against
their will:

Be very glad that you are children still.

True to His Record.

The closest election of governor ever held in Massachusetts, and as close an election as ever took place anywhere, was in 1839, when Marcus Morton received one vote more than his competitor, Edward Everett. During Governor Morton's term, a branch railroad from Taunton to New Bedford was completed, and New Bedford celebrated the event by a grand jubilee. The exercises were to begin at twelve o'clock, and the Governor, a Taunton man, was of course invited. Twelve o'clock came, but no Governor. The whole proceedings were delayed, and the crowd wondered and fretted. Finally, just as the clock struck one, the missing official appeared, and Mr. Clifford, who was then the state attorney, and afterwards governor himself, immediately arose, and proposed the following sentiment:

"Governor Morton, who always gets in by one."

Old Jenkins happened to meet his three young nieces, and asked them to have a little refreshment. "Girls are the same," said the old man, as he stood at the cashier's desk and picked up \$2.85 out of a \$20 bill; "very little change!"—*Life*.

UNDER THE GROUND.

Down the Shaft of a Scranton Coal Mine.

Hospitable Treatment by the Miners to Visitors. Interesting Sightings in one of these Dark Dungeons.

The suburbs of Scranton, Pa., and the neighborhood for miles around, are dotted here and there with "the breakers" as they are called, where the coal is hoisted up from the mines. These breakers are anything but inviting looking, a mountain of dust and refuse from the coal always standing near them. But from the time I saw the first one, I had an intense desire to go down a shaft and walk through one of the mines. One pleasant day in August, while visiting near a small town called Olyphant, six miles north of Scranton, I received an invitation, which I accepted readily, to make one of a party of eleven, who would visit a mine at the close of the afternoon. We went at six o'clock, as visitors are not allowed during working hours. I shall never forget my feeling of fear as I stood upon the narrow platform, ready to take the plunge down four hundred feet of darkness, but after we entered the mine I felt as safe as if walking upon the top of the ground. I can understand now, as I never could before, how the miners grow careless and forget the extreme caution necessary for their safety.

The party was accompanied by the "fire boss" as he is called, one whose duty it is to look after the ventilation and so forth of the mine, during a certain number of hours. We were indebted to him for explanations along the way, while his presence insured safety. After walking a short distance we came to the stables where the mules are kept. There were about a hundred; the most of them never see daylight again after they are taken down to work, although occasionally some are sent up to pasture during Sunday. We sat down here for a few minutes on some boxes, but a pet rat, coming out to investigate, disturbed the happiness of the ladies. We learned then that the miners will not work in a mine where there are no rats, these animals being the first to discover a threatening danger, as they are said to be the first to leave a sinking ship. The small cars are drawn through the mines by mules. The road is very narrow, only wide enough for the car track, and the roof in some places, is so low that even the shortest among us had to stoop; it must be very tiresome for those who drive the mules all day. At intervals along the road are the chambers where the miners blast the coal; wherever a vein of good coal is found, there a chamber is started. One miner had prepared a blast during the day in anticipation of this visit, and he had kindly consented to be on hand to finish it. After ex-

amining the place, we retired to a safe distance while he fired it, and then we went back to look at the coal, which had rattled down.

The mines are propped in a number of places with heavy timbers, also large pillars of coal are left standing for support. The timbers are covered with a beautiful fungus growth, some of which looked white as snow, and the contrast between that and the walls of coal was very striking and beautiful. In places the fungus drooped like the branches of a tree, and the guide told us that he had noticed in many cases that this resembled the foliage of the tree from which the timber was hewn. He had an unpleasant way of halting under a weak spot, and waiting for all the party to gather before calling attention to it. A seam and a bell in the roof are the most dangerous. We stood at one time under a perfect bell, that is a hollow in the roof was bell-shaped. "Yes," he said tapping it, "many a miner has been crushed under one of these." and I think we all breathed more freely when we were a number of feet away. We saw part of a fossilized tree; a blast had shaken the coal from it and left the trunk, perfect in shape. I tried to think of it growing in the forest thousands of years ago and sending out branches and green leaves, but it was hard to realize that the black mass before us had once been a flourishing tree. The miner's lamp sheds such a feeble ray that it only seems to intensify the darkness. I was continually reminded of "the darkness that can be felt," and I know I was never so close to it before.

For a while I was walking in the rear, and as we had but three of these lamps, the procession before me looked very weird, while the laughing and talking of those in advance sounded like the marching of regiments overhead.

I had imagined the atmosphere of a mine to be close and heavy, but, to my surprise, I found the air was very bracing. The system of ventilation must be perfect. I learned, upon inquiry, that it is considered so health giving that consumptives sometimes prolong their lives by living in a mine, although in that case, death speedily follows a return to the open air. We walked from six o'clock until nine without fatigue, but, after leaving the darkness, although the beautiful moonlight was very refreshing, the walk homeward proved very tiresome.

—M. V. G.

Prizes Awarded.

The Joseph E. Temple prizes competed for in the pottery and porcelain exhibition, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, in Philadelphia, have been awarded. Harry Sanders of Chambersburg, wins first prize, \$100, in Class A; Burroughs & Mountford, third prize, \$15, in Class B; J. B. Evans, second prize, \$20, in Class C, and first prize, \$20, to Burroughs & Mountford in Class D.

An Inquiring Mind.

"Keep away from that," said a restaurant-keeper to an Irishman who was standing in front of a newly-arrived box of turtles holding his finger in evident pain. "What are you doing there anyhow?"

"I wor investigating."

"Investigating what?"

"I wor trying to see which was the head and which was the tail ov that baste over there in the corner ov the box."

"What did you want to know that for?"

"I've a curiosity to know whether I've been bit or stung."—*Merchant Traveler*.

Valuable Use for Half a Lemon.

I wonder to how many uses lemons can be put? Few housewives are without that fruit in the house, on account of its flavoring properties, but very frequently a lemon is partially used, then thrown away. The next time you think you have done with a lemon just dip it in salt and rub your copper kettle or stewpan with it. You will be surprised to find what a brilliant surface you will obtain if you rub the article instantly with a dry cloth. You can polish all brass work by the same means, every stain disappearing as if by magic. A mouldy lemon put into a dirty saucepan half full of water and boiled for half an hour cleanses the utensil amazingly, and removes any odor, such as onions, fish, etc.—*Housewife*.

India-rubber Horseshoes.

The proposed substitution of india-rubber for metal in the manufacture of horseshoes is based upon various supposed advantages, one of these being that the former enables a horse to go easier over all kinds of roads and rough or slippery ground without slipping. The contrivance brought forward for this purpose is such as to obviate in one instance the necessity of using an iron shoe, which can be moved momentarily when the horse is shod with an iron shoe. According to this design the shoe consists of an india-rubber bottom piece moulded to fit over or around the frog of the hoof, with a lodge or protecting rim rising up the front and around the level where the nails are clamped, the projection having an edge under which a steel band or other appliance can be drawn and nipped tight to retain the rubber shoe. The band connected by studs, which pass through the heel part of the hoof, this being cut away from the inner side for the purpose, and the stud or studs may work eccentrically to obtain grip or fixing. If the rubber shoe is used with an iron shoe the frog portion or pad has a front plate and two side wings partially imbedded in it to hold the rubber shoe in place. If the rubber shoe be divided or made thin in the centre, a swivel or other bar can be contracted from the rear to reduce the width of the pad, so that it enters easily and also expends as to fix the rubber shoes in position.—*Mechanical News*.

The Silent Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

TRENTON, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1888.

OUR Texas exchange, the *Juvenile Ranger*, speaks of the fun the boys there have going nutting for pecans. Our little boys always thought pecans grew in bins in the grocery stores.

We don't pretend to live in a game country, like our friends of the *Arkansas Optic*, but our Assistant Steward, Mr. Burd, and Mr. Neely, went gunning the other day and got twenty-two head of game—rabbits and other such. "Who said fish?"

ON the evening of Election Day, we had an election in the chapel, as an object lesson to the pupils, and to afford amusement to all the people in the house. We give extracts from accounts written by different pupils. It will be seen that, like "children of a larger growth," our young folks are inclined to crow when they are victorious, and to "kick" when they are defeated. We hope, as their education goes on, they will learn how to bear themselves bravely in defeat, modestly in success. We commend to them the lesson of the following lines:

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail hath won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

THE *Mute's Chronicle* of November 10th, comes with a wood cut of a spacious and airy apartment lined with book cases and cabinets of curiosities. This room, as we learn from the description which accompanies the picture, is the library of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. There are in the library over 2,000 volumes, mostly books of reference, though there are also many books in the departments of fiction and of general literature. The *Chronicle* explains that as the pupils and teachers have access to excellent public libraries, it has not been thought necessary to provide a great number of books, but rather to get such as one wants to have always at hand, and such as cannot well be borrowed from a public library. We congratulate our Ohio friends on their good fortune, and while we bewail our own destitution, we firmly hope that before the present school year is finished, we shall have the foundations laid for a similar collection of books needed by pupils and teachers in their work. Our Superintendent has preached the need of books for five years steadily, and our Trustees, we feel sure, mean to give us as good advantages as the pupils of other schools enjoy.

THE subject of Mr. Jenkins' talks to the pupils after study hour has been, for some weeks, the story entitled "The Black Arrow," by Robert Louis Stevenson. One of our older pupils always wants a "blood curdling" story, and this one fills the bill very satisfactorily. The pupils pay very good attention, and in this way pick up new words and phrases at every lecture. We want to impress it on our readers at every opportunity that they must read and use the English language as often and as much as they can, in order to be able to talk with, and to learn from hearing people.

THIS seems to be a bad year for institutions for the deaf. The Missouri Institution was burned down last winter, the Alabama Institution had the roof blown off one of its buildings last spring, and the Louisiana Institution buildings were damaged to the extent of \$16,000 in a cyclone this fall. The Texas Institution has just had a new two-story and basement building finished. It is to be used for shops, school-room and dormitories.

THE Thanksgiving Day observances at our institution will be about as usual. Most of the teachers will go to their homes. Those of the pupils who remain here will be looked after (in the turkey line), by Steward Wright, who has taken extra pains to prepare an abundance of this gay and festive fowl.

THE cold wave has reached us, and Mr. Burd has given the beds of spring flowers a warm blanket of straw. By the way, did any body see a greener lawn than ours last summer and fall? Mr. Burd "did it, with his little hatchet," getting up at four o'clock to lay on the hose.

As the issuing of our next number (if we complied with our rule of the last Thursday in the month), would fall between the holidays, we will endeavor to get out one week earlier, so that we may wish our readers a "Merry Christmas."

THE pupils should read the stories on Thanksgiving Day and Hallowe'en many times, so that they will always know how these days originated and why they are observed.

No Quorum.

The regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, which was to have been held Tuesday, was not held, there being no quorum present.

New Partitions.

The new partitions in the west side school rooms are finished. They are glazed, so as to not make the rooms any darker, and they have transoms, so that the rooms can be well ventilated. The partitions shut out the noise, and enable each teacher to keep her room at a comfortable temperature.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Its Origin, and the Many Ways it is Observed.

We suppose every body knows all about Thanksgiving, and that is why we are going to write about it, so as not to tax our readers' intellects with any thing new at this season, when they need to reserve all their strength for feats of digestion. Thanksgiving was founded, or invented, or imagined by the Puritans of Massachusetts, and was placed at the end of harvest time. This was appropriate and beautiful, for any one who has "farmed it" in Massachusetts will naturally feel grateful to a higher Power at this season, if he gets back as much as he planted. The Puritans sent a hunting party into the woods, who got abundance of turkeys, which were thus established as the correct bird to grace the Thanksgiving board. Macaulay says that the English Puritans forbade bear baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the people. Similarly, perhaps, the Massachusetts Puritans fixed on the turkey as the victim, not because he tastes so good, but because he objects so ridiculously to being killed, and flops around so when his head is off. No body outside of New England kept Thanksgiving until the war. Then, when our best and bravest youth were being mown down by pestilence and sword, we felt so thankful that our President appointed a national day of thanksgiving. When the piping times of peace returned, people had become so used to turkey dinner on the last Thursday in November that they could not give it up. Some people show their gratitude to a higher Power by going to church in the morning, and eating themselves sick in the afternoon, but more people give expression to their devout feelings by going out shooting rabbits. They don't hit the rabbits, but that only shows that they go through the shooting as a religious exercise, and not for the sake of the game. The Yale and Princeton teams generally observe the day by kicking the football a little, and each other's shins a good deal. Our people will celebrate it by—well, our Steward has a little plan or two about that. It is enough to say that the turkey will figure prominently on the occasion.

A Veteran of the Profession Gone.

Mr Joshua Foster, for many years Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, died at New Brunswick, N. J., at the age of seventy-five years. Mr. Foster's connection with the Pennsylvania Institution began in 1838, and continued until 1884, when failing health obliged him to resign. From 1870 to 1884, he was Principal of the Institution, and in this position, as well as in that of teacher, he secured the full respect and the warm affection of his pupils and associates. He was a man of a singularly pure, unselfish nature, and diligent and persevering in whatever he undertook. Next month we hope to publish some very interesting facts taken from his brief autobiography, which appears in the *Silent World* of November 22d.

Make the best of everything!
Think the best of everybody!
Hope the best for yourself!
Do as I have done,—persevere.
—George Stephenson.

Comptroller Anderson Convalescing.

We are very glad to learn that State Comptroller Anderson, the Treasurer of our institution, is rapidly recovering from his long and dangerous illness. His return to his usual activities, which is expected very soon, will be welcomed by his large circle of friends.

Miss Mossie McGann Dead.

We learn with sorrow of the death of Miss Mossie McGann, a teacher in the Mississippi Institution. Miss McGann's father was the pioneer instructor of the deaf in Canada and his daughter inherited from him skill and enthusiasm in the work. Miss McGann was a lady of pleasant disposition, attractive manners, and quick intelligence.

A Deaf-Mute Y. M. C. A.

We learn from the *Weekly News*, the paper published at the California Institution, that there is a deaf-mute branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in San Francisco. The deaf-mutes gave a pantomime exhibition on the evening of the 9th inst., to raise money for re-furnishing the rooms of the association.

We are glad to notice, also, that a deaf mute branch of the Y. M. C. A. has been formed at Rochester, N. Y. Prof. Eddy and Prof. Seliney, of the Central New York Institution, were active in establishing this valuable society. Both these gentlemen are old friends of our Superintendent, having studied under him in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

HOW TO BE ADMITTED.

What Requirements are Necessary for Admission to Our School.

The New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes is maintained at the expense of the State, for the education and maintenance of all persons having a legal residence within its limits who are suitable subjects for the work of such an institution. In order to be eligible, under the law governing the institution, the candidate for admission must be deaf, not less than eight nor more than twenty-one years of age, and of suitable health and capacity to be able to profit by the instruction here afforded.

When it is desired to secure the admission of a deaf-mute child to this school the parent or other friend has only to write to the Superintendent, when blank forms of application and the other necessary papers will be sent.

The parent or guardian is required to answer certain questions as to the history of the child, then a certificate (on the same sheet), must be filled out and signed by a county judge or the county clerk of the county, the chosen freeholder or clerk of the township, or the Mayor of the city where the applicant resides. Lastly a certificate (on the same sheet), must be filled out and signed by two freeholders, or property owners, of the same county. This paper should be returned to the Superintendent, who will notify the friends when to bring the pupils. Any one knowing of a deaf child any where in the State, though under the prescribed age for admission, will confer a favor by sending the name of the child, with the address of the parent or guardian, to the Superintendent.

OUR YOUNG REPORTERS.**What They Have to Write About This Month.**

M. GORMAN.

An United States astronomer has ascertained that there are rain and snow on the moon the same as on the earth. That dark spot over the left of the woman's ear in the moon, then, must be an umbrella.

SARAH CASSIDY.

Yesterday night, October 31st, some of the boys and girls were playing in the chapel. They were playing and the girls put the boys' names on the apples, and put the apples in a tub of water. Some of the girls got their dresses wet and the girls' hair was wet. Mrs. Ellis let the girls and boys eat the apples.

MARTHA BRADLEY.

Last year Victorine Gouvain and I went to see a house on fire in Newark. I saw some horses burned and dead on the ground. I was very sorry because some poor horses were burned. The cows were kept in the barn and were not burned. Last summer I went to see the horses, cows and hens burned in the barn. The house was burned. Last summer my sister went to see Ocean Grove. Last summer my brother and I saw a merry-go-round at Ocean Grove.

CHARLIE HUMMER.

Every Tuesday evening Miss Hall and Miss Bunting go to the Riding Academy down town. They are learning how to ride on horseback. I would like to ride on a pony. I often see my teacher and Miss Bunting dressed with riding gloves, a pretty cap, riding shoes and very long dresses. They are called riding habits. I would like to ride on Mr. Jenkins' horse. Mr. Jenkins' horse can trot fast, but Mr. Wright's colt can trot faster.

KATIE EHRLICH.

Miss Bunting is teaching the girls and boys in the reception room to-day, November 5th. Miss Bunting answered the telephone. The men are working in Miss Bunting's school-room.

Last Monday night, at half past six o'clock, Mr. Jenkins told a story to the girls and boys in the chapel, and some of the girls and boys were interested in Mr. Jenkins' story. He talked about horses. Last Saturday some of the girls and I went to Mrs. Stephenson's home, and we kissed her.

ANNA H. MACKENZIE.

Last summer I went on a steamboat with my parents to Coney Island. We did not go to board, but we came home the same day. We saw some horses dead on a boat, and the people were surprised to see the dead horses on the big boat. The men played on a harp, a violin and a flute on the steamboat, and one of the musicians passed his hat around for money. We saw a little silver engine under a glass globe.

My father was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and he told me that he saw some deers in the mountains. I would like to live in Scotland, but I have never seen it. The mountains of Scotland are covered with forests of pine. He was not married where he was born in the mountains of Scotland, but when he went to the city of New York; he was married at the church in New York or Brooklyn. I am much surprised that he was born in Scotland; and he told me about the mountains of Scotland.

MARY GEIGER.

Miss Hall showed us pictures of the Alps mountains, and there is beautiful scenery in the Alps mountains. My father and mother were born in Switzerland, and they told me that they saw a great many mountains. There is snow and ice on the top called glaciers. I have never seen Switzerland, but would like to see Switzerland. My father had work, and every month he was paid one dollar, but he wanted more money so my father moved in the house in Paterson, N. J. He likes to live in Paterson. He has work, and every month he is paid money. Miss Hall has a solid gold watch made in Geneva, Switzerland, near by lake Geneva. It is a very beautiful solid gold watch. I would like to visit Switzerland. It costs many dollars to go to Switzerland across the Atlantic ocean in a large ship.

VICTORINE GOUVAIN.

Last summer three friends, my sister and I went to New York. Sometimes I sat on the merry-go-round. I saw the people swimming in the ocean. Last summer I saw a donkey die on the ground in Newark. Last summer a man tied a cow's horn to her legs. I think the cow was mad and would run after men and girls.

GIFTS TO OUR SCHOOL.**Dr. Cook, State Geologist, and the United States Commissioner of Education the Benefactors.**

The Library of the School has been enriched by the gift of a set of the maps of the Geological Survey of New Jersey, presented by Dr. Cook, the State Geologist. We have also received from the Commissioner of Education, at Washington, a set of statistical maps of the United States, based in the last census. Probably our pupils do not know what this last set of maps is like, but the older classes will soon find out. Both sets have been substantially bound, and both will be of much use, both to teachers and to pupils. We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the elegance and accuracy of the maps of the New Jersey Survey, and we feel an honest State pride in this sample of Jersey work. Our thanks are due to Prof. Cook, for his kind remembrance of us. The Statistical Atlas contains volumes of information, conveyed without words. With this paradoxical statement, we leave the question what the book is, for our readers to solve, thanking the Commissioner of Education for this and numerous other past favors, and hoping for more to come.

Erratum.

Our readers may have noticed that the little poem by Howard Glyndon, "Santa Cruz Diamonds," in our last number, ended rather abruptly. The fact is that we had to publish it without the last stanza, which is the cream of the whole. It happened that just as the last form was to be made up, a workman, (not one belonging to the school, we are glad to say,) brushed against the galley and knocked that gem of poetry into pi. Somehow the copy could not be found in time to set the matter right, so we have sent to California for another copy of the poem, which we reprint in full in this issue.

OF OUR ELECTION.**Comments by Two of the Victorius and Two of the Defeated Pupils.**

ANNIE E. FULLERTON.

In Miss Yard's class there are two strong Democrats that were tempted by the Republicans to become Republicans, but we stuck fast to our party. They were Lizzie Munson and myself; we were teased too much by the Republicans. Not either side was the best for they were the same, but very little in difference. If Cleveland was elected we could buy cheaper things from foreign countries. It's too bad he is not elected. I don't want Harrison for our President. All I want is Cleveland. "Oh! my," how proud the Republicans are now as they got Harrison.

R. C. STEPHENSON.

Well we can settle down now and keep quiet, as the election is over, and we are satisfied with its results. The American people want protection and not free trade. Our next President will see that the Government of the United States goes on just as well as before. The printers of New Jersey must have protection, and now it looks as if they would have it. Some of the Democrats look sick at heart. All we Republicans have to say is, "Hurrah for Harrison and American industries." Now let Democrats stand from under.

ADA M. VAN NESS.

Last Saturday evening there was a ballot-box in our chapel where almost everybody of this school came to vote for the best man to be elected. There were three distributors for the three political parties. They all tried their best to make their party do very well. The Democratic distributor was the worst, for he nearly turned the Republicans all to his party, but "Oh! didn't he get left," for the Republicans were saved by their own distributor. The Democrats tried their best to cheat, and to win by bribing the other side, but their plans were nipped in the bud by a group of guards. When the polls were closed the politicians crowded around to hear the returns. Poor Democrats; they felt very sick, for the Republicans won a victory by a majority of seven over the Democrats.

MICHAEL P. CONDON.

On the sixth of November, there was a great deal of excitement here. Michael P. Condon, Paul Kees, Miss Staring and all the teachers and supervisors worked very hard for all three of the presidential candidates, and we all had a great deal of fun stumping around this building for the political parties. The result of the race was in favor of the Republican party by seven majority. The Republican party gained 55 votes, and there were 48 Democratic votes. But M. P. Condon thinks the Democratic party would have won, but for the "fine work" of the Republicans among the pupils. Some Democrats turned over to the Republican party and some Republicans to the Democratic party. They are what are called "mugwumps." At the expiration of the election, Mr. Weston Jenkins counted the returns, and proclaimed to all the pupils, and also teachers, that the Republican party won, and notwithstanding that, the Democrats scattered over the chapel, so as to cry and hurrah for the Democratic party, and also they continued waving the flag of triumph

because there were but two boys who had done the work for the Democrats. Three teachers were the best workers for the Republican party, but they only tried to induce the pupils to vote with them, but they did not try to bribe the pupils.

Praise to Whom it Belongs.

Charlie Stokey is entitled to the name of the best shoemaker among our pupils. A pair of sewed shoes made entirely by himself, which have been showed to us, are pronounced, by Mr. Whalen, to be the best work yet turned out of his shop. They certainly seemed to us to be well up to the standard of first class work.

An Election Bonfire.

The pupils had a bonfire on the evening of Wednesday, November 7th, to celebrate the election of Gen. Harrison. The Republican boys got it up, but the Democratic boys were glad to join in the fun, and even the girls came down to look at the blaze. They were better than boys often are about election bonfires, for they took nothing without first getting permission.

Will Attend the Inauguration.

James A. Bradley, the founder of Asbury Park, is an enthusiastic Republican. He promised the Young Men's Republican Club that in the event of Harrison's election he would charter a special train and take the club to the inauguration in March next. He is now arranging to fulfill his promise and nearly 300 Asbury Park Republicans will take in the trip to the national capital.

All Souls' P. E. Church.

We learn from the *Silent World* that All Souls' P. E. Church is to be consecrated on the 8th of December, proximo. We have spoken of this church before as the only one in the world, so far as we know, which is for the exclusive use of a deaf congregation, and which is under the charge of a deaf-mute clergyman.

In our next issue we hope to give some account of the consecration services.

VISIT TO EASTON.**Prof. Jenkins Delivers a Lecture Before the Deaf-Mute Society of that City.**

On Thursday evening, Nov. 1st, Mr. Jenkins went to Easton, Pa., to deliver a lecture before the Deaf-Mute Society of that city. Mr. Alex. L. Pach and his charming wife entertained him at supper, and he spent the night at the house of Mr. Wills, who is employed in the car shops of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. Mr. Wills is a very skilful cabinet-maker, and his rooms are full of furniture of pretty and original designs, made by himself. Mr. and Mrs. Wills have one hearing son, fourteen years of age.

Mr. Cornelius Delory, a graduate of the New York Institution for Deaf and Dumb, boards with the Wills'. The society meets in Mr. Pach's studio, which is evidently a busy workshop in the day time, and is lined with sample photographs taken by him. It is safe to say that his work is not surpassed by any photographer in the State.

The subject of Mr. Jenkins' lecture was "Money," something which it is interesting to have, if not to talk about.

Santa Cruz Diamonds.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Who tossed this handful of diamonds
Into the grass of June—
Into this dew-wet grass through which
The wind goes singing a tune?

Whose the hands so lavish and careless
Opened so wide to throw
Into the flowering grass this peerless
Treasure that glads me so?

O, a handful of clear-cut, shining,
Virginal, priceless gems!
Some of them nestling, sparkling, gleam-
ing,
Close to the green grass stems:

But what setting were fairer, fitter,
Than this dew-wet grass of June?
How midst its green they quiver and glitter
Under the sun of noon!

Here is one like an eye of fire,
And one outglitters the rest,
Until I bend me to lift and clasp it
Close to my envious breast.

O, my gems! they glimmer and shimmer,
And fade like a passing breath—
Dew drops caught in a spider's web,
And my human touch is death!

A Vanished City.

Somewhere in the thirties, St. Joseph, Fla., was a thriving city of several thousand people. There was also a railroad running from Iola, on the Apalachicola river, to St. Joseph. To-day there is not a vestige of the city remaining, nor of the railroad. William Samuels, an old colored man, who lives near Bainbridge, told us the other day that many years ago he lived in St. Joseph and traveled thence by the railroad from Iola, also stating, that it was the first and the last time in his life he ever rode on the cars. He was astonished when we told him that both city and railroad had been in the grave for over forty years.—*Bainbridge Democrat.*

TRICKS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**How Some of the Delusions in Sun Pictures Are Produced.**

There are various ways for providing surprising results in photography, things that in one age would have been called magic, but in ours are recognized as scientific tricks. The ghost picture, for instance, in which a shadowy ghost—through which material objects are visible—is seen between natural attitudes and occupations. This is produced by an almost instantaneous exposure of the figure that is to do duty as the ghost, followed by a full exposure of the figures and properties that are to appear natural. Another novel trick was shown recently in a photograph reproduced by a prominent trade journal which presented the photographer, seated at the table, playing chess, with himself sitting on the opposite side of the table, while he himself stood up in the background looking at his two selves playing.

The figures were all on the negative, which was produced by three successive exposures of the plate, parts thereof being masked each time by a black velvet shutter. Still another trick is that by which a person who liked that sort of thing may appear to be photographed riding upon a flying goose or a fish or any other desired style of ridiculous locomotion. This is done by the subject holding upon his lap a huge piece of white or sky-tinted card with the fanciful figure drawn upon it. His face appears above the upper edge of the card and seems, in the picture, joined to the funny little body mounted on the goose or fish. The statue picture is made by about the same device.—*Photographic Review.*

Gov. Morton's Proclamation.

The mention, in another column, of Marcus Morton, celebrated as the only Democratic governor of Massachusetts in the old Whig times, reminds us of a little story. It is the custom in that State (the State to which by the way, we owe the institution of Thanksgiving Day), for clergymen to read from their pulpits the proclamation of the Governor, appointing the day for the feast. The proclamation always ends with the words: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

An old Whig minister, who must have been an "offensive partisan," reading Governor Morton's proclamation, paused a moment when he came to the signature, and exclaimed as if in astonishment: "Marcus Morton?" "Governor?" Then folding the paper and slowly shaking his head, he faltered, in a tone of despair: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

CITY NOTES.**Things That are Happening in the City.**

A new cab company has been inaugurated in Trenton under the name of "The Standard Cab Company."

The Young Men's Republican Association have made arrangements to attend the inauguration on the 4th of next March.

On Sunday Bishop Scarborough, in Camden, confirmed large classes in the P. E. Churches of St. John, Our Saviour and St. Barnabas.

The new Broad Street Bank was opened for business on Monday, the 19th instant. Ben Phillips has the honor of making the first deposit.

The next Legislature, it is said, will change the fish laws, so as to make the opening and closing of the fishing season the same as in Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Chief Principal Gregory has been presented with a handsome gold watch by his old pupils in Newark, and, it is said, will be given a dinner by his former associate principals.

James Cavanaugh, who was shot by Austin Myatt, died on Sunday, the 18th instant. County Physician Laylor held a postmortem and found that the man died from traumatic peritonitis.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Association of Trotting Horse Breeders will be held at the Trenton House on December 12th. It will be the most interesting session ever held by the association.

Prof. J. M. Green left on Saturday morning on a two weeks' Western trip. The professor, in his capacity as principal of the State Normal and Model Schools, at Trenton, will examine into the normal educational systems of Chicago, St. Louis, Terre Haute, Kansas City, Pittsburg and other cities.

A Gipsy Camp.

There is a gipsy camp on the bank of the Delaware, near the asylum. There are about fifteen men, women, girls and children in the band. They live in wagons and tents, and cook their victuals in the traditional way, at an out-door fire, with a large pot suspended from three uprights. Many people visit the camp daily and have their fortunes told. The gipsies declare that they are going to spend the winter in Trenton, having rented a house for that purpose.

ALL HALLOWE'EN.**Jokes Practiced in Search of Future Husbands and Wives.**

Every year, on the evening of the 31st of October, the pupils go into the chapel and play certain games. That evening is called Hallowe'en, and it has been observed in this way, we are told, for many centuries. The ancient Britons, before the time of Christ, used to light bonfires on that evening, and the young people used to jump through the flames. The fullest account of the modern Hallowe'en games is given by Robert Burns, in his poem entitled "Hallowe'en." All the things to be done, it will be seen, have for their object to determine what will be the luck of the one who makes the experiment, in getting a wife or husband. When the party is assembled, on Hallowe'en, everybody must go out, blindfolded, into the garden, and pull up a cabbage stalk. According as the stalk which each one gets is smooth or wrinkled, straight or crooked, so will the future wife or husband be. Another thing to do is to put two nuts into the fire, one representing yourself, the other your sweetheart. If the nuts burn quietly, the course of your love will run smooth, but if they snap and fly apart, you will have a quarrel. Another way to foretell your luck is to put three dishes on a table, one holding clean water, the next full of foul water and the third empty, come to the table blindfold, and dip your left hand into one of the dishes. If it goes into the first dish, you will marry a maid, or bachelor; if into the second, you will marry a widow, or widower; if into the third dish, you will never marry at all. Another charm is as follows. Take a candle and go alone to a looking glass. Eat an apple before it, combing your hair all the time, and look steadily in the mirror. You will see the face of your future husband or wife. Another: Go to a stream which flows southward, find a place where three owners' lands meet, dip your left shirt sleeve in the stream, go home and go to bed in sight of a fire, hanging your shirt before it to dry; keep awake till midnight and then if you watch, you will see the image of your future conjugal companion come and turn the sleeve, so as to dry the other side. Peel an apple, being careful to have the whole skin in one strip. Whirl it around your head three times, and then throw it over your left shoulder. It will take the shape of the initial letter of your future wife's or husband's name. Formerly people really believed in these superstitions, but now they know better and only practice them for fun.

The Retort Courteous.

In the days when ladies wore long trains, a courtly Boston gentleman happened once to plant his foot right on a dress which was streaming out like a silken comet along the sidewalk. The wearer turned sharp around and snapped out: "Sir, you are very careless!" "Madam," replied the gentleman, "your dress is very long! your address is very short!"

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthy ease;
No comfortable feel in any member.
No plants, no flowers, no leaves, no birds.
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No-venber!

Some Good Advice.

*The year will write:
"Fruits gleaned and harvest ripe;
I am grown old, my work is almost done."

We never tire of the friendships we form with books.

Forget the sorrow, wrong and trouble you have known.

Memory, however sad, is the best and purest link between this world and a better.

No man who was not a gentleman at heart ever was, since the world began, a gentleman in manner.

We go on taking everything for granted, until whatever we do—good, bad or indifferent, we do from habit.

Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people in your power.

All good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad, and may be counted so at once and left alone.

Our judgements are so liable to be influenced by many considerations which are unfair, that it is necessary to keep a guard upon them.

Articulate words are a harsh clamor and dissonance. When man arrives at his highest perfection, he will again be dumb! for I suppose he was dumb at the creation, and must go round in an entire circle in order to return to that blessed state.—*Hawthorne.*

Inventors of the Lucifer Match.

A German authority claims that lucifer matches were the invention of a political prisoner, who perfected his idea within the walls of a jail. Kammerer, the prisoner in question, on coming out of confinement began the manufacture of matches. Unfortunately the absence of a patent law prevented his rights from being secured, and an Austrian and other chemists analyzing the composition, imitations speedily made their appearance. Between the lucifer match as originally made and the safety match, that lights only on its own box, have appeared many varieties of matches. The safety match was invented in Sweden by a man named Lundstrom. The trade in matches has assumed enormous proportions, especially in Germany, where vast quantities are exported.—*Troy Times.*

Why He Left so Soon.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbours' boys, as his companion came out of the alley-gate: "ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have you?" "Nop." "Didn't ye get any?" "Yep; but I didn't stay to finish it." "What made ye leave so soon?" "Well, I said something at the table, and everybody but pa laughed."—*Merchant Traveler.*

STATE NOTES.

The weekly pay-roll on the Have-meyer farm, at Ramseys, Bergen county, is said to exceed \$5,000.

General Greely, Chief Signal Officer, will soon consider the advisability of establishing a signal service weather station in Central New Jersey.

Samuel Barber, supposed to be one of a gang who have committed numberless burglaries in Cape May county, was arrested in Millville on Saturday night. His confederates are also thought to be hiding in Millville, and the police expect to capture them.